

Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME 11.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1877.

NUMBER 14

Knowlton & Wannamaker,
ATTORNEYS

AND
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May 5 1877

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Orangeburg, S. C.
Office in rear of Masonic Hall.
March 3 1y

**MAKE
NO MISTAKE!**

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Remedy for all Diseases of the Liver.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Dyspepsia and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Indigestion and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Constipation and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Sick Headache and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Chills, Fevers and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Bilious Attacks and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
For Sour Stomach, Headache and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
For Female Weakness, General Debility and Liver Disease.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?
A state of the stomach in which its functions are disturbed, often without the presence of other diseases, attended with loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, sour stomach, rising of food after eating, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, acid or feid eructations, a fluttering or sinking at the pit of the stomach, palpitations, illusion of the senses, morbid feelings and uneasiness of various kinds, and which is permanently cured if you take

HEPATINE

WHAT IS Constipation or Costiveness?
A state of the bowels in which the evacuations do not take place as designed by nature and are inordinately hard and expelled with difficulty, caused by a low state of the system, which diminishes the action of the muscular coat of the stomach. This disease is easily cured if you will take

HEPATINE

WHAT IS INDIGESTION?
A condition of the stomach produced by the food not being properly digested, and in which condition the sufferer is liable to become the victim of nearly every disease that human flesh is heir to, chills, fevers and general prostration. It is positively cured if you take

HEPATINE

WHAT IS Sick & Nervous HEADACHE?
It was at one time supposed that the seat of the brain was the seat of the disease. Certain it is a wonderful sympathy exists between the two and what affects one has an immediate effect on the other. So it is that a disordered stomach invariably is followed by a sympathetic action of the brain, and headaches arise from this cause. Headaches are easily cured if you will take

HEPATINE

WHAT IS Sour Stomach? Heartburn?
The former is the primary cause of the latter. A sour stomach creates the heat and burning sensation. The contents of the stomach ferment and turn sour. Sick stomach, followed by griping, colic and diarrhoea, often occur.

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Everard Dale's Lesson.

'Everard, do not go and leave me here alone,' said Agnes Dale, clasping her small hands piteously; 'it seems so gloomy, and trouble is near, I know.'

'Nonsense, Agnes. There is no trouble coming. Your foolish fancy has invested my going to New York with terrors having no foundation,' and Everard Dale laughed merrily.

'But there is no particular need of your going now, and you know how I feel.'

'I could go next week or next month as well, but I must go sometime, and choose to go now, just to show how foolish your fancies are.'

'Well, if that is the case, I will say no more about it,' and having pleaded as long as her womanly dignity would allow, Agnes turned and left the room.

'What foolish creatures women are!' said her husband. 'They think we must bow to every whim and fancy they have. I will not do so, that's certain.'

Al! if husbands would sometimes humor their wives' fancies, much misery and many heart tragedies might be avoided.

Agnes Arnold and Everard Dale had been married one year. Agnes was the most beautiful and wealthy young lady in Provost, and, while spending the summer there, Everard Dale had become acquainted with her and won her for his wife. She was proud, intelligent, accomplished and womanly; and, having been brought up in a home where every wish had been gratified, had never known the sting of disappointment. Everard Dale was arbitrary and thoughtless in his own way, and careless in his method of obtaining it.

When she married Everard, Agnes had loved and honored him, but she had been bitterly pained when she came to know him thoroughly. Not that he was wicked; he was simply selfish. He loved his wife, but his was one of the natures that think their manhood requires an assumption of authority, especially in their own households.

Everard and his wife had been growing away from each other all the year of their married life, and now he was doing an unnecessary act that would sever the already frail cord binding her to him.

She had become possessed with the idea that if he went to New York trouble would come to her, and this idea he had laughed at. She had tried entreaty, almost prayer, but he had remained obdurate. A poor hero, seemingly, yet there was feeling in him, if the weak selfishness that covered it could be penetrated, and something waken it to action.

'He does not love me at all, or he would do as I wish,' and the proud woman bowed her head and wept bitter tears.

But she was mistaken. He did love her, and would have suffered much because of his love, but having for self alone, he did not know what consideration for others was.

'I will leave him,' she continued, 'I will not be treated like this; since he cares but for my money he can have it; and I have loved him so much.'

Agnes was high spirited, and with her action followed quickly after thought. At the time her husband reached New York she left Provost, bound for the great metropolis.

She left a letter for her husband on the table in her dressing-room. It was short and pointed, saying:

'EVERARD DALE—I have learned that when you said you loved me it was my money to which you referred; keep it, and may it do you much good. I love you, but I do not care to love and have no return; therefore, I leave you. Where I am going no one knows, but I shall not come back. My trouble has come to me. Good-bye!'

Then, with hot tears burning her eyes, she went away.

Three days after this Everard came home, and inquired of the servant

who admitted him where his wife was.

'Mrs. Dale left home the same day you did, and has not yet returned.'

'Did she say where she was going?'

'No, sir.'

'Not leave any word for me?'

'Not that I know of, sir.'

He stopped to hear no more, but hurried up the broad stairway to her rooms. They were chill and lonely, showing that no one had lately used them. A terror crept over him, but he went on to the dressing-room, which opened beyond her boudoir. There he saw the letter, and, breaking the seal, soon knew the extent of his loss.

Had his life met no shock, he would always have remained a selfish and arbitrary man; but this tearing away of the cloak that hid his true nature from himself was what he needed to waken his better manhood.

'I have wronged her and she hates me,' he moaned, 'and yet I love her,' and the proud man wept like a child. But he roused himself, for, as I have said, his manhood was strong. 'I will seek her,' he said, and, finding her if she be alive, and never shall my feet pass the door of this house unless she is with me, or I know that she is dead.'

By inquiring at the station he found that she had taken the New York train. So he placed the house in charge of an old servant and followed her. And now began a weary search. He sought her among her old friends, the fashionable people with whom she had been wont to mingle, but they knew nothing about her.

Employers of sewing women were surprised to have a sad eyed, fine looking man solicit the privilege of walking through their workrooms; but though he visited all of these places that he could find, and repeated the inspection so often that the superintendents and employees thought him crazy, and refused him further admittance, he could find no trace of his wife.

Then he traversed the vile haunts of the city, and entered every home of vice, but she was not there. Each day brought him no nearer the end of his search, and still he did not grow hopeless.

Once he thought he saw her. It was in an intricate maze of thoroughfares. As he was hurrying on a cart was backed violently on the sidewalk, and had not a rough, strong grasp held him, his search might have ended then and there; when he could again proceed, the form he was following had disappeared. But a few seconds had intervened, and he hurried to the next crossing, expecting to see the familiar figure in this street, but it was not there.

Then he patiently inquired at every door for blocks on either side of the way he had been following, but to no avail. This search through the poverty stricken, crime reeking homes of New York made Everard Dale a worthy man, one in whom love for God, as shown in love for his creatures, budded and bloomed and grew to noble fruitage.

'If I cannot find her, I can do some good with her money,' he thought, and, whilst seeking her, his hand gave to those he found needing his help, and his words of kindness, hope and love called up bright smiles to many faces.

Leaving her home, Agnes had come to the great city, uncertain what to do or where to go. While her money lasted she fared well enough, but when it was all gone the bitter trial came.

She was beautiful, but beauty was a sad dower in the city where it is bought and sold for gold. She was talented, but such gifts command no price where there is an overplus of them. She was good, trusting, loving; and the city is full of blighted innocence, blasted faith and broken hearts.

Agnes sought employment, and at last, when her plainest garments were all that hunger had left her, and starvation stared her in the face, her beauty obtained work from one who thought to make her his prey.

Those who have no knowledge of want, whose well stocked wardrobes and groaning tables prevent them from thinking that life is hard, or that some souls are tempted and lured into selling themselves for bread, forget that they are only a small part of humanity, and that many cannot command even the mean things they spurn. But want is purity's greatest foe, and charity should be rich indeed to many a fallen one.

Men who live in the hunts of vice are generally very good judges of those their will can conquer, but Horold Clargham was deceived in Agnes. She worked faithfully, but repelled all his advances with a scorn and contempt that was exasperating to one of his low and base nature, so he discharged her.

By strict economy she managed to keep her squalid attic room for a month after leaving Clargham's employ. Then winter and sickness came, and she was thrust forth one stormy evening, to go, she knew not where.

She wandered aimlessly along the streets, and was jostled and stared at, but she heeded it not; she saw brilliant light, but shunned these, and at last came to the docks.

The tall masts of the ships loomed up tall and ghostlike against the dark and heavy clouds. The waves came moaning among the wharves and vessels, and the sound seemed the death song of a passionate, broken heart. There was a sob and wail in the rising wind that fitted well for the scene.

Alone, for the gloom had made all other mortals seek the glare of the well lighted streets, she watched the river flowing on to the ocean. She could dimly see it through a space left open at the end of the wharf whereon she stood, and it looked very cold and dark and still. She walked slowly toward it, and at last stopped just above its shadowy flow.

'It is only a step,' she thought, and then leaned against the large post that stood at the corner of the wharf, and sighed wearily, and a sob shook her poor, weak form.

'Oh, if he had only loved me!' she said, but there was no whisper of hope to comfort her, and she did not know he had been seeking for her during all the long months of her suffering, that even now he was near her, watching, though he did not know it was she.

'I will end it now,' she cried, bitterly, 'and may God have mercy on my soul!'

Then she attempted to spring into the river's cold embrace, but a strong hand held her back. She turned, and from a passing vessel came a gleam of light that ran across the dark waters, up the face of the wharf and at last lit their faces.

'Agnes, darling!'

'Everard!' and she sunk insensible at his feet.

He took her in his arms and bore her back into the lighted streets. People stared at him, and wondering looks and questions followed him, but he heeded nothing, and carried the thin form, that was light as a babe's to him, on to his hotel, where he laid her on his bed, and chafed the cold hands and feet, but she gave no sign of returning consciousness.

Then the physician came and gravely shook his head. 'I cannot say that she will recover,' he said 'and if she does, her reason will doubtless be clouded.'

Everard Dale's soul sent up a silent prayer to God: 'Save her, good Father; give me time and chance to show her how I love her, and long for her forgiveness,' and God heard and answered his prayer.

It was after long weeks of watching and care that Agnes Dale opened her eyes to consciousness, and saw her husband bending over her, a great love and tenderness in his eyes, and heard a voice say, softly: 'Forgive me, and love me again, my own darling.'

Her weak hand sought his, and the wasted fingers closed around it, the light pressure telling him that he was loved and forgiven. Experience had

made him tender and loving, as well as strong and true, and when Everard Dale bent down and kissed his wife's thin lips, the kiss spoke to her soul and told it what it most longed to hear.

As from darkness comes light, as from the rough seed springs the beautiful flower, and from the coldness of winter is born the glory of spring, so from sorrow and pain came trust and love and joy to these two souls.

My story is finished, and, though it may seem that it is founded on a little thing, still all lives are made up of such, and were it not for the little joys and glad spots in them, they would be dark indeed. If we will consider the feelings of others—let the one to be considered hold the position of wife, child, friend, or stranger, it matters not which—we will find that our thoughts will meet with fewer rebuffs, and that goodness and true kindness are not such rare things as we thought them to be.

The Last Melody of Paul Pestal, the Russian Conspirator.

'The Emperor Alexander was dead. His eldest brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, was his natural successor to the throne of Russia; but, by a deed till then kept a secret, Constantine, in Alexander's lifetime, had renounced the crown in favor of his younger brother, Nicholas. The accession of the latter, therefore, excited general surprise; an unsettled feeling manifested itself among the people and the army. The time appeared favorable for the breaking out of a conspiracy which had been forming for years. An insurrection took place at St. Petersburg on Christmas day, 1825; but the movement of the conspirators was to hasty, and their attempt, not well seconded by the troops, failed through the energy of the Emperor.'

A hundred and thirty-six leaders of the insurrection were seized, tried and condemned, and almost all of them sentenced to perpetual labor or to exile in Siberia. The five principal chiefs were condemned to be broken on the wheel, but did not undergo that horrible punishment, the gibbet being substituted by a ukase of the Emperor. Among these five chiefs the first and most remarkable was Paul Pestal, colonel of the infantry regiment of Wiatka. The long and arduous task to which he had devoted himself had not wholly engrossed the mind of his brave and persevering conspirator. Alive to the charms of the arts, he cultivated them with success, and, in particular, was an excellent musician. The young and beautiful Catharine W— had conceived a devoted attachment to Pestal. Gifted with an exquisite voice, she loved to sing his melodies. The passion with which she inspired him was as fervent as her own, and if ever the deep conspirator could forget his gloomy reveries, it was when seated by Catharine's side, and dreaming of love and happiness.

On the eve of the day when the insurrection was to break out, Pestal, more preoccupied than usual, scarcely answered Catharine, and at times seemed not to hear her.

'What ails you to-day, dearest Paul?' she said, taking his hand.

'You do not look at me—you do not speak to me. I never saw you so cold, so absent, when you were with me.'

'Paul looked at her sadly.'

'What would you do, Catharine, were you never to see me again?'

'I should die!' cried Catharine, with enthusiasm; and then added in a voice of terror—'But why this question, dear Paul? Can you think of forsaking me?'

Pestal was silent.

'But it cannot be,' said Catharine. 'You have sworn to love me till death.'

'Yes! While this heart beats it is yours, Catharine, but,' he added, embracing her with melancholy tenderness, 'promise me, if I die, that you will live for the sake of your old father, and that, even when dead, I shall never cease to occupy your thoughts.'

'All is vanity,' remarked a tinware peddler, the other day. 'What's life to me, anyhow, but holler and tin sell?'

'I promise to live as long as my grief will allow. But of us two, Paul, it is not I who shall have this cruel trial to undergo.'

'There are presentiments that do not deceive,' said Pestal, declining his head on his breast; 'an inward voice warns me that I must abandon my two happiest visions—the bliss of living in the enjoyment of your love, dearest Catharine, and the glory of assuring the welfare of my countrymen.'

'What do you mean?' cried the young girl, whose fear and agitation increased every minute; 'what mean these mysterious words, these gloomy predictions? Dear Paul, you are concealing a secret.'

'Yes, Catharine.'

'A secret from me, who never had one from you!'

'You have had all mine—but this one does not belong to me.'

'And, if I may judge from your looks, your words, your thoughts of death and parting, it must be something very terrible!'

'Terrible, indeed!'

After a moment's silence, Pestal continued:

'Hear me, my dearest Catharine. When I shall give you, this evening, my farewell kiss, it may, perhaps, be the last you will receive from me. But whatever may be my lot, whenever you are told 'Paul is dead,' come, and you shall find a remembrance of me! for, I swear to you, my last thought shall be of you.'

Pestal's presentiment did not deceive him! He saw Catharine no more.

The day after the execution of his sentence a young girl, drowned in tears, obtained from the keeper of the prison the favor of being admitted into Pestal's cell.

After a long search she discovered some lines of music pencilled on the wall. Above them were only the two words, 'For her!' Underneath was Paul's name.

Two years afterwards there died, in a lunatic asylum, a poor maniac, whose madness consisted in singing; every day and at the same hour, the same little melody. The madwoman was Catharine—the hour that at which she was admitted to her lover's dungeon—and the air was the last melody of Pestal.—*Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.*

A Frenchman sold a horse to a Vermont, which he recommended as being a very sound, serviceable animal, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse the Frenchman gave a favorable reply, but always commenced his commendation with the depreciatory remark, 'He's not look'yer good.' The green mountain boy, caring little for the looks of the horse, of which he could judge for himself without the seller's assistance, and being fully persuaded, after minute examination, that the beast was worth the moderate sum asked for him, made his purchase and took him. A few days afterwards he returned in high dudgeon to the seller, and declared that he had been cheated. 'Vat is de mat-taire?' inquired the Frenchman. 'Matter!' replied the purchaser; 'matter enough—the horse can't see! He is as blind as a bat!' 'Ah,' said the Frenchman, 'vat I was tell you? I vas tell you he vas not look ver good—be gar, I don't know, if he look at all!'

A man from the far interior went to Washington to see the sights. A member of the House, whose constituents he was, said, 'Come up to-morrow, and I will give you a seat on the floor of the House.' 'No, you don't!' replied Jonathan; 'I always manage to have a chair to set on at home, and I haven't come to Wash'n'ton to set on the floor! Injuns may do that when they come, if they like, but I don't do it.'

'All is vanity,' remarked a tinware peddler, the other day. 'What's life to me, anyhow, but holler and tin sell?'